

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exit. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Countrey bend we our course,
Where peremptorie Warwicke now remains:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vfe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march aaine towards Countrey.

Exit.

*Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Countrey, two
Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?

Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

Mess. By this at Dainty, with a puissant troope.

Enter Somersuile.

War. Say Somersuile, what sayes my louing Sonne?

And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somersu. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

Somersu. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:

The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwicke.

War. Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.

Somersu. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,
and Souldiers.*

Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.

Rich. See how the furly Warwicke mans the Wall.

War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edw. Now Warwicke, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,

Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,

Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confesse who see thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,

Call Warwicke Patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Rich. I thought at least he would haue said the King,

Or did he make the least against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,

He doe thee seruice for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwicke's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And Weakeling Warwicke takes his gift againe,

And Henry is my King, Warwicke his Subiect.

Edw. But Warwicke's King is Edwards Prisoner:

And gallant Warwicke, doe but answer this,

What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that Warwicke had no more fore-cast,

But while he thought to steale the single Ten,

The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck:

You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,

And tenne to one you le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwicke still.

Rich. Come Warwicke,

Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:

Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles,

And with the other, sling it at thy face,

Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee:

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,

Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,

This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,

Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,

Wind-changing Warwicke now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

Edw. So other foes may set vpon our backs.

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt

Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;

If not, the Citie being but of small defence,

Wee'll quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder match, the greater Victorie,

My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaille:

With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes

More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.

Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwicke call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:

I will not ruinate my Fathers House,

Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,

And set vp Lancaster. Why, throwest thou, Warwicke,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,

To bend the farall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiekt my holy Oath:

To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,

Then Iephah, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.

I am so sorry for my Trespas made,

That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,

I here proclaime my selfe thy mortall foe:

With resolution, wherefore I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)

To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.

And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes,

Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:

And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,

Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.

War. Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust,

Edw. What Warwicke,

Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee Battaille, Edward, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes Warwicke, Edward dares, and leads the way:

Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie. *Exit.*

March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

*Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing
forth Warwicke wounded.*

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,

For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.

Now Mountague sit fast, I seeke for thee,

That Warwicke's Bones may keepe thine companie. *Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me who is Victor, Yorke, or Warwicke?

Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,

My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,

That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,

And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,

Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,

Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,

Whose top-branch ouer-pec'd Ioues spreading Tree,

And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.

These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,

Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,

To search the secret Treasons of the World:

The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,

Were lik'n'd oft to Kingly Sepulchers:

For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?

And who durst smile, when Warwicke bent his Brow?

Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood,

My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,

Euen now forsake me; and of all my Landes,

Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?

And lue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, wert thou as we are,

We might recouer all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hat
Euen now we heard the newe

War. Why then I would

If thou be there, sweet Brother

And with thy Lipps keepe in

Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother

Thy teares would wash this c

That glewes my Lipps, and v

Come quickly Mountague, or

Som. Ah Warwicke, Mount

And to the latest gaspe, cry'd

And said, Commend me to m

And more he would haue said

Which founded like a Canno

That might not be distingu

I well might heare, deliuered

Oh farewell Warwicke.

War. Sweet rest his Sou

Flye Lords, and faue your se

For Warwicke bids you all fare

Oxf. Away, away, to meet

Here they beare away h

Flourish. Enter King Ed

Richard, Clarence

King. Thus farre our fortun

And we are grac'd with wreat

But in the midst of this bigh

I spy a black suspicious threa

That will encounter with our

Ere he attaine his easfull We

I meane, my Lords, those pow

Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue ar

And, as we heare, march on to

Clar. A little gale will foo

And blow it to the Source fro

Thy very Beames will dry tho

For every Cloud engenders no

Rich. The Queene is valur

And Somerset, with Oxford, fle

If she haue time to breathe, b

Her faction will be full as stro

King. We are aduertis'd b

That they doe hold their cour

We hauing now the best at B

Will thither straight, for willi

And as we march, our strengt

In every Countie as we goe al

Strike vp the Drumme, cry co

Flourish. March. Ent

Edward, Somerset

Souldi

Qu. Great Lords, wise men r

But chearely seeke how to red

What though the Mast be no

The Cable broke, the holding

And halfe our Saylors swallow

Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't n

Should leaue the Helme, and l

With tearefull Eyes adde Wa

And giue more strength to th

Whiles in his moane, the Ship

Which Industrie and Courag

Ah what a shame, ah what a f

Say Warwicke was our Anch